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"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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"Peuple Français, peuple de braves  
La Liberté pour sa braise."

He was conducted to the spacious chapel, and there for two hours he held an audience of one thousand people spellbound, by one of the most interesting autobiographies that it was ever our lot to hear.

Born in Paris, of wealthy parents, he had in early life been thoroughly educated at the university of Wittenberg, and received the Master's degree. He soon after joined the fortunes of Napoleon and with the rank of Lieutenant, was with him during all his campaigns in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, in Russia and at Waterloo. His account of scenes in these battles, and his description of places and cities were expressed in choice and graphic terms, and on being compared with history, were found to correspond in every particular.

He related many unwritten and curious incidents in the life of Napoleon, which has come under his observation, and finally closed with a touching account of his own career after the battle of Waterloo. In the terrible rout that followed that memorable event, his detachment was chased by a body of Prussian hussars, and becoming scattered in the night, he wandered for three days in the woods and by places without food or drink.

The chase being at length given over, the poor Frenchman sank down weary and sick with his wounds, and ready to die by the roadside. A Dutch girl, discovered him in this situation, brought him refreshments and cordials, and among the latter a flask of brandy. "Here," said the old soldier, "was the beginning of my woes. That angel of mercy, with the best of motives, brought me in that flask, a deadly foe, which was to prove more potent for evil to me than all the burning toils of the Egyptian campaign, or the intolerable frosts and snows of the Russian, more fatal than the cannon of seventy battles, which kindled in me a thirst more insatiable than that which forced me to open my veins on the desert sands of the East. Till that day I had never tasted strong drink. I had uttered a vow in my youth to abstain from it, and to that vow I owed my life, for not one of all my comrades who indulged in the use of it, survived the horrors of the Egyptian campaign."

"But as I lay in anguish, longing for death, and momentarily expecting his approach, a sweet face appeared to me wearing an expression of deep pity and sympathy for my sufferings, and I could not resist without injury whatever she gave."

She gently raised my head and wiped with her handkerchief the dampness from my brow, and administered the cordial to my lips. It revived me—I looked around, my courage, my love of life returned. I poured forth my gratitude in burning words, and called down the blessings of Heaven. Ignorant of what it was that so suddenly inspired me, as soon as my spirit flagged I called for more. I drank again and again—for three weeks her loved voice soothed me, and her kind hand administered to my wants.

As soon as my strength was sufficiently recovered, fearing that some enemy might still be lurking near, I bade her adieu with many thanks and tears, sought the sea side, and embarked as a common sailor on the first vessel that offered, and have followed the sea ever since. My fatal thirst has ever accompanied and cursed me, in port and on deck this foe has debased me, and kept me from all chance of promotion. Oh, how often have I, in the depth of my heart, wished I had died on the field of Waterloo, or breathed out my life in the arms of my gentle preserver. Six weeks ago I was wrecked on the packet ship Clyde, off the coast of New Brunswick. I have wandered on foot through Canada and N. Hampshire, singing for a few pennies, or begging my bread, till I met your sympathy to-day. How do these college halls, and this noble band of students recall to recollection the scenes of former years."

The emotions of the stranger for a moment, overcame his voice, when he resumed, the tears still coursing each other down his cheeks. "I know not why God should direct my steps hither; but gentlemen, this shall be the beginning of a new life in me, and here in His presence, and in that of these witnesses, I swear as I hope to meet you in Heaven, never to taste a drop of alcohol in any form again." Prolonged and deafening cheers followed these words, and I noticed many moist eyes. A collection was immediately made, and more than fifty dollars were put into his hands. As he ascended the coach to take his departure, he turned to the excited multitude who surrounded him, and said: "It is but justice that you should know my name. I am Lieutenant Lannes, a nephew of the great Marshal Lannes. May God bless you all—farewell!" As these youths thoughtfully returned to their accustomed pursuits, not a few resolved in their deepest souls, that temperance and virtue should ever mark their character, and that the soldier's vow should be theirs.

GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.—In the interior of Norfolk, England, is a bed of oyster shells, nine miles long and above eighteen feet thick. Other shells and bones (some of elephants, &c.) also abound, one hundred feet above the sea level. Elder and hazel bushes are found twenty feet below the surface level. Remains of extensive forests are traced beyond the mouth of wash and under the land, with bones of elephants, oxen and deer. The same fossils are found on the opposite coast of Flanders, and it is believed that they once joined.

## THE MOTHER'S DEFENCE.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER WAR.

"My husband's rifle," she shouted, springing to her feet and rushing across the cabin, she tore the weapon and accoutrements from the wall, but on trying the ramrod, it proved to be unloaded.

She thrust her hand into the pouch, but it contained nothing but musket balls, which her husband had purchased a few days before, to run into bullets suitable for his rifle. The powder horn was full, but of what use was the powder without the ball? Dropping the weapon she wrung her hands in despair. Suddenly an idea struck her—she seized one of the bullets, placed it between her teeth, and by a tremendous exertion bit it in two. Dashing a charge of powder into the barrel, she rammed down one of the fragments, primed and cocked the piece, and the next moment its muzzle protruded through the aperture, and covered the body of the chief, now advancing at the head of the party towards the house. The quick eye of the savage caught the glimmer of the sight as the sun fell upon it, and he stopped, and before he had time to make a rush Miriam's finger pressed the trigger. When the puff of smoke from the distance had cleared away, she saw him clutching in the air in the effort to recover himself. Before the other Indians, who seemed paralyzed by the unexpected catastrophe, could afford him any assistance, he threw his hands above his head, and whirling quickly around, fell upon his face. A shout of triumph burst from the lips of Miriam, as she saw the effect of the avenging shot, and then withdrawing from the loop hole, she commenced reloading the rifle.

The Indians remained motionless for a few seconds, transfixed with astonishment, and lifting the body of their chief, withdrew to a respectful distance from the cabin, and the inmates half believed their peril was over. But they were deceived.

After getting out of gun-shot the savages clustered together and appeared for several minutes to be in close conversation. At the expiration of their powwow, having apparently agreed upon their plan of action, the whole gang took order, and dashed at full run, with wild yells toward the dwelling.

As the foremost came up Miriam Cook, who was now stationed at another loop hole, again discharged her rifle, and the unlucky Wyandott shot through both legs, dropped in his tracks with an involuntary shriek of agony. The others kept on, and reaching the cabin, six of them clambered on the roof, and the other five commenced firing on the doors and cutting openings in the logs. Those on the roof quickly kindled a fire on the shingles, which were soon in a blaze. The destruction of the cabin and its inmates now seemed inevitable.

At length the water was exhausted, and one of the Indians observing that the efforts of the besieged party were slackening, ventured to poke his head through one of the holes that had been burning in the roof, to see how the land lay. The undaunted Miriam was standing within a few feet of the opening, and that instant she whirled the empty bucket around her head, and whirling it with a swing of her arm, struck him directly in the forehead with the sharp edge of the staves. She heard the bones crush and the victim groan, and a moment after which, he was drawn away by his companions, three of whom descended from the roof, bearing him in their arms.

Miriam now thought she heard the two remaining savages tearing the upper logs off the chimney, and presumed they intended to attempt an entrance that way, she ran down stairs to prepare for them.

"The feather bed! the feather bed!" she shouted, and she reached the lower room, and this prized article in a frontier man's inventory of household chattels was quickly brought forth and thrown into the huge fire place. By this time one of the Indians had fairly got in the chimney; and the other one about to follow.

"Thrust the lighted brands into it quick!" said Alice, and in a moment clouds of smoke from the burning feathers, were descending the chimney. The savage made an effort to scramble up again, but the pungent effluvia of the feathers overcame him; and he fell heavily on the hearth-stone. In the meantime, Miriam grasped the rifle and held it ready for his reception. Scarcely had he reached the floor, when the iron bound point of the breach crashed through his skull. The other, who had caught a whiff of the vapor in time to avoid a like fate, hastily descended from the roof.

Four of the thirteen Indians were now killed, but these casualties only added new fury to the remainder. They well knew that the cabin was occupied by women only, and nothing could be more degrading in the eyes of these swarthy warriors than to be baffled by a parcel of squaws.

They now furiously assailed the door with tomahawks. To this proceeding the inmates could offer no resistance. In striking the savage who had fell down the chimney, Miriam had broken the lock of

her husband's rifle, the only one they had, and now handing the weapon to her sister-in-law, she armed herself with the axe of the young McAndre, which stood in the corner, and prepared herself for the last extremity. Alice betook herself to a very formidable weapon, the slaughter knife of the establishment, and thus armed, the three women ranged themselves on either side of the door, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

In half an hour the Indians had nearly cut two planks out of the door, beneath the bar, a space just sufficient for a man to force his body through in a stooping posture. They brought heavy pieces from the adjacent pile, and using them as battering rams, soon beat in the weakened portion of the door, and at the same time driving the articles which had been piled against the door into the middle of the room. Taught caution by the losses they had sustained, they did not immediately attempt to enter through the aperture, but thrusting in and crossing their rifles, discharged them into the house. In this they had a double design—that of killing or maiming some of the occupants, and getting in under cover of the smoke.

Before the deafening sound had ceased, the feather-crested head of the Wyandott warrior parted the smoke-cloud that had obscured the interior; but as he rose from a stooping posture on entering, Miriam's axe descended with tremendous force, cutting through the shoulder and collar bone into the chest. He dropped with a wild cry, half defiance, half agony. Another savage followed, and each to sink in turn under the axe of the courageous matron. The fifth she missed, but instantly she grappled with him, and held him powerless in her arms, while Alice plunged the knife in his bosom. Of the next two that entered, one was disabled by a severe blow on the head from Hope's rifle, and the other very nearly decapitated by Miriam's well directed axe.

Of the thirteen bronzed warriors who had left their tribe for the war path a few days before, only two returned unharmed, and capable of service, and they, seized with a panic at the havoc made among their companions by the "long knife squaws," abandoned the design, and fled back to the village. To the wounded left behind no quarter was given. To have spared them would have been treason to the dead. Miriam's axe and the long knife of Alice made short work of them, and this duty fulfilled, the family lost no time in proceeding to Frankfurt.

The next day a hundred mounted frontiersmen assembled, and after bringing in the bodies of the Cooks and McAndres, started for the nearest Wyandott village to take a wholesome revenge.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.—The London "Times," it is stated, circulates more than 60,000 copies. The "Morning Advertiser" circulates 7,975, and no other British newspaper more than 4,500, except the "Times." The London "Times" was established January 1, 1785, by John Walter; in 1803, his son, John Walter 2d, succeeded to the management, and in 1837 he in turn was followed by his son John Walter 3d, the present publisher. The "Times" has secured its influence by literary merit, accuracy and enterprise, and chiefly, by faithfully following instead of leading public sentiment.

Every English newspaper must have every sheet officially stamped with its name, and be taxed two cents for each stamp; then every paper having to pay a heavy excise duty on each pound made, the impost on each copy of a newspaper is about four cents; the "Times" is sold at ten cents, of which the publisher gets six cents. This penny stamp, however, allows the paper to pass free in all mails so that the same copy may be sent without postage from friend to friend throughout the kingdom. Before 1836, the stamp was eight cents for each advertisement, long or short. In that year the stamps were reduced to the present rate, and the tax on advertisements, to thirty-six cents, in 1853, the latter was abolished, thereby saving the "Times" 145,000 dollars a year.

NO GOOD DEED LOST.—Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one single particle has ever been lost. It may have passed into new shapes—it may have floated away in smoke and vapor—but it is not lost. It will come back again in the dewdrop or the rain—it will spring up in the fibre of the plant, or plant itself on the rose leaf. Through all its formations, Providence watches over and directs it still. Even so it is with every holy thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation—we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral work, and it is not lost.

TWO CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Thomas Williams and the famous Dr. Emmons mutually agreed to write each other's funeral sermon, and did so. Mr. Williams read his sermon to Dr. Emmons a few years before his death. Dr. E. objected to the eulogy as too strong. "Be still, be still," said Mr. W., "you are a dead man!" This sermon was preached by Mr. W. at the funeral of Dr. E.

Dr. Emmons' papers were entrusted to Dr. Ide, (his son-in-law,) as Mr. Williams' erratic mind was hardly safe to be trusted. At this Mr. W. was so offended that he refused to let his funeral sermon be inserted in "Dr. Emmons' Life and Writings."

DEATH AS WE SHOULD REGARD IT.—We shall be glad if any one who reads the following sentences will turn to the works of the writer of them—works unequalled in our day, perhaps, for richness and beauty of thought—those of Walter Savage Landor.—Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affections; the flower expands; the colorless flint that enveloped it falls off and perishes. We may well believe this; and, believing it, let us cease to be disgusted by their absence, who have but retired into another chamber.—We are like those who have overstept the hour; when we rejoin our friends, there is only the more joyance and congratulation. Would we break a precious vase because it is unable to contain the bitter as the sweet? No, the very things which touch us the most sensibly are those which we should be most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings passed away, and so is the noble mind. The damps of Autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows. When the graceful dance and animating music are over, and the clapping of hands, so lately linked, hath ceased; when youth and comeliness and pleasantries are departed.

"Who would desire to spend the following day Among the extinguished lamps, the faded wreaths, The dust and desolation left behind?"

But whether we desire it or not, we must submit. He who hath appointed our days has placed their contents within them, and our efforts can neither extend them out, nor change their quality.

NEWSPAPERS.—The British Banner's advertisement says:

"In closing, we must invite the attention of our friends to the American Press. For ready wit, practical sagacity, the Americans are leaving the whole world behind them. Now, there is nothing more certain than that of all instrumentalities whereby the American intellect has been awakened, guided, and impelled the most effective is the Newspaper. Not only have every village, its one, two, or three Newspapers on the spot, but almost all of them one or two Daily Journals. There the spirit of the people is thoroughly worked up to the duty of promoting the circulation of the Newspaper as one of the prime means of maintaining their institutions cultivating and conserving the spirit of freedom. Just on the ground, that one man would call upon his next door neighbor, and urge him to go to a public meeting with him to hear certain discussions which were to take place touching the common good, the elder and more experienced make it a business to press on the younger and less experienced the duty of taking one or more Newspapers."

THE MICAWBER TRIKE.—The number of individuals, who like Wilkins Micawber, Esq., in David Copperfield, are continually waiting for something to "turn up," is very considerable, among the humanity that surrounds us. They never do any thing, and are consequently always in difficulty, because they wait for a "golden opportunity" that is always coming, but never here. They seem to prefer a state of continual embarrassment from "pecuniary liabilities," vulgarly termed debts, to honest, humble efforts to obtain a livelihood. If such a thing happens, on such a condition of affairs results, there will be a splendid opportunity for speculation, and the gathering of an abundant harvest. But the looked for events never happen, and thus the Micawber tribe follow an ignominious fate till they are overwhelmed with ruin; and not they alone, but many dependent upon them for support, follow them to destruction. Never get a habit of waiting for "something to turn up," or you will ultimately turn down beyond the possibility of being inverted again.

HAPPINESS NOT IN STATION ALONE.—There is one experience, gentlemen, to which the history of my various changes in life, has peculiarly, and I will even say, has painfully exposed me—and that is, how little a man gains, or rather, loses, how much he loses in the happiness of natural and healthful enjoyment, in passing from a narrower to a wider, and what some may call, a more elevated sphere. There is not room in the heart of man for more than a certain number of objects, and he is therefore placed far more favorably for the development of all that pleasure which lies in the kind and friendly affections of our nature, when the intimacy of his regards is permitted to rest on a few, than when, hushed through an interminable variety of persons and things, each individual can have but a slender hold upon the memory, and a hold as slender upon the emotions.—Dr. Chalmers.

STRENGTH OF SOUL.—It is virtue alone which can render us superior to fortune; we quit her standard, and the combat is no longer equal. Fortune makes us; she turns on her heel; she smiles and abuses us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on our weakness. This is an old-rudeness, but it is not incurable; there is nothing a firm and elevated mind cannot accomplish. The discourse of the wise, and the study of good books are the best remedies I know of,—but to these we must join the consent of the soul, without which the best advice will be useless.—Petra.

## HOME SONG.

Now thrust my little life in case,  
And store the spoils away,  
And lay the insular rolls in place;  
My task is done to-day;  
For like the workman's evening bell,  
A sound has met my ears,  
Thou art at the street door still—  
Papa hath come my dears.

Beat off the boy from the floor,  
For yonder chair make room;  
Add up and out, both the door,  
And break his welcome home;  
For 'tis the twilight hour of joy,  
When home's best pleasure rally;  
And I will clasp my darling boy,  
While Papa rumps with Alice.

There, take the hat and gloves and bring,  
The slippers, warm and soft;  
While I bound the babe with laugh and spring,  
In those loved arms aloft.

And let each foot some comfort yield,  
Each heart with love be warm;  
For him who's firm, strong hand shall shield,  
Our household gods from harm.

Our love shall light the gathering gloom,  
For o'er all earthly hopes,  
We cherish first the joy of home,  
A glad rejoicing group.

And through the twilight hours of joy,  
We turn from toil to duty;  
With thy young dreams of life, my boy,  
And gaily Emily Alid.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

The Czar was born July 6, 1796, and hence was nearly 59 years of age. He has been nearly 33 years on the throne, having reigned since Dec. 1, 1825. The Sovereign was of the Greek Church.—A contemporary thus apostrophizes him:

"The death of the gigantic Czar—who towered in statue and intellect above all men of his nation—whose powerful and perfect physical organization seemed to give assurance of a century of life on earth; whose absolute will gave direction to the energies of the most potent nation on the globe—who was to scores of millions the personification of their idea of God—in whom was concentrated more authority and force than any other human being—whose representative man of non-ambition—who 'bestrode this earth like a Colossus,' himself best described as 'The Iron Colossus of the North'; his death, just at the time when the eyes of all men were upon him, watching with dread the development of his tremendous resources; when he had baffled the grandest armament that ever floated, and had set himself like an immovable and insurmountable rock in the path of the great civilized nations of the west, and was sternly preparing to join battle with all the millions that might be hurled against him—is a dispensation of Providence which sends a thrill of awe to all hearts. And yet Nicholas Romanoff was a man born of woman and it was written that his days upon earth were to be few, yea 'and full of troubles.'"

"We'll all meet again in the morning!"—Such was the exclamation of a dying child, says the Newark Mercury, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on through the casement. "Good-bye, papa, good-bye! Mamma has come for me to-night; don't cry, papa! we'll all meet again in the morning!" It was as if an angel had spoken to that father, and his heart grew lighter under its burden, for something assured him that his little one had gone to the bosom of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of Heaven."

There is something cheerful and inspiring to all who are in trouble in this, "we'll all meet again in the morning." It rouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet blast, and frightens away forever the dark shadows, thronging the avenues of our outer life.—Clouds may gather upon our paths—care press their venomous lips against our cheeks—disappointments gather around us like an army with banners, but all this cannot destroy the hope within us; "All will be bright in the morning."—Manchester American.

SIZE OF LONDON.—London extends over an area of 73,029 acres or 122 square miles, and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was some 2,262,239 on the day of the last census. A conception of this vast mass of people may be formed by the fact that, if the metropolis was surrounded by a wall, having a north, south, east and west gate, and each of the four gates was of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out freely four abreast, and a pre-emptory necessity required the immediate evacuation of the city, it could not be accomplished under four-and-twenty hours, by the expiration of which time the head of each of the four columns would have advanced a no less distance than seventy-five miles from their respective gates, all the people being in close file, four deep.

WERE I TO PRAY for a taste which should stand me in stead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; indeed, you put into his hands a most pervasive set of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the witliest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters which have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.—Sir John Hall.

## Indian Mummies.

George C. Bates writes to the Detroit Advertiser that the great mystery among the Savans of the world—to wit: by what process of art or skill in science the Mummies found in the Pyramids of Egypt have been preserved, and which modern skill has exhausted all its resources in fruitless efforts to analyze—is known on the shores of the Pacific, among the wandering races of the Chinooks and the Flat-heads.—These rude savages understand and practice this art with as much success as attended the efforts of the ancient Egyptians. Mr. Bates says:

"At the famous depository for the farmers of California, on Montgomery street, are two specimens which are well calculated to arouse the attention of the reflecting, and to show how intimate, after all, are the relations of the past and the future. The former of these is a Flathead mummy, found in his canoe on the shores of Puget Sound, in a perfect state of preservation. Those who have seen the Egyptian mummy would be utterly astonished at the exact similitude, save in the conformation of the subject. The forehead of the skull has evidently been depressed by outward mechanical appliances, but in all else it is the mummy of the Pyramid, in a perfect state of preservation. The eye balls are still round under the lid; the teeth, the muscles, and tendons perfect, the veins injected with some preserving liquid, the bowels, stomach and liver dried up, but not decayed, all perfectly preserved. The very blanket that entwines him, which is made of some threads of bark, and saturated with a pitchy substance, is entire. The inner canoe in which he was found had entirely decayed, and the outer one was nearly gone, yet the body is evidently just as it was prepared by the embalmer, and although now exposed to the open air, it shows no signs of decomposition. It would seem as if prepared by all coming time. Where these wanderers of the desert learned this art is a query over which the wise may ponder; and those who are skilled in such things will find food for thought in this strange specimen, picked up near the disputed boundary on our western frontier."

DISCISED IMAGINATION.

We do not venture into the regions of spectral illusions, or ghosts, but we may mention in passing, the case of a crazy young lady, recorded by Dr. Farriar, who fancied herself accompanied by her own apparition, and who may, of course, therefore justly be said to have been, indeed, often—beside herself. A Lusatian physician had a patient who insisted he was entirely frozen, so that he would sit before a large fire, even during the dog days, and yet cry of cold. A dress of rough-sheep skins, saturated with aquaviva, was made for him, and they set him on fire; he then confessed that he was, for the first time, quite warm,—rather too much so, and indeed this genial remedy cured him of his frigidly altogether.

The following ludicrous story is told in the London Lancet. "While residing at Rome," says the narrator, "I paid a visit to the lunatic asylum there, and among the remarkable patients, one was pointed out to me who had been saved, with much difficulty, from inflicting death upon himself by voluntary starvation in bed, under an impression that he was defunct, declaring that dead people never eat. It was soon obvious to all that the issue must be fatal when the humane doctor betrouth of the following stratagem. Half a dozen of the attendants, dressed in white shrouds, and their faces and hand covered with chalk, were marched in single file, with dead silence into a room adjoining that of the patient, where he observed them through a door purposely left open, sit down to a hearty meal. 'Hallo!' said he, that was deceased, presently an attendant, 'who be they?' 'Dead men,' was the reply. 'What!' rejoined the corpse, 'dead men eat?' 'To be sure they do, as you see,' answered the attendant. 'If that's the case!' exclaimed the defunct, 'I'll join them, for I'm finished!' and thus instantly was the spell broken."—Democratic Review.

THE FATHERLY WIFE.—What can be truer or more beautiful than this tribute to woman? It is from Mr. Webster's argument before the Court at Trenton:

"May it please your Honors, there is nothing upon this earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife, no creature who for the object of her love, is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to die; under the most depressing circumstances, woman's weakness becomes might; power: her timidity becomes fearless courage; all her shrinking and sinking passions away, and her spirit acquires the firmness; when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspiration of her affections."

SIZE OF THE WEST.—Illinois would make five